

Failure of my Bank.

I rented the New York Avenue house unfurnished with the idea of furnishing it and letting my sister take roomers. The day I ordered the furniture, giving checks in payment therefor, and some of the furniture had been actually delivered, Woods' Bank, in which all my savings were deposited, suspended payments. The day before I had deposited my salary, saving out enough only for living expenses for a week or ten days. Then it was I learned that mother had deposited about \$200, all she had, in this bank. In the morning she had been to the bank to cash a small check and found it full of excited depositors and no payments being made. She telephoned to me at the office and I joined her at the bank. While the amounts of our deposits were relatively small, they were all we had, except about fifteen dollars in cash between us. It would be fifteen days before another salary payment, and in the meantime I had to pay a month's rent in advance and for furniture for immediate use, and somehow manage to feed the family. I felt desperate and ^{was so persistent that} ~~persisted until~~ the cashier admitted me to his office. He was worried and said that nothing could be done about it. I assured him that something would be done about it and mighty quick. I said "You, Sir, and every official in the bank, and every member of the board of directors, have known for some days that the bank was insolvent, and yet yesterday you accepted the deposit of my salary. That was fraudulent and criminal and unless you find a way to return the amount of my deposit yesterday and enough more to pay my rent and keep my family from being turned out on the street, I shall go straight from this building, swear out a warrant for

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the arrest of every responsible official of this bank on the ground of fraud, and if I never do anything else in this life I will see that every last one of you lands in the penitentiary. Also I am from Texas and I expect the money right now." He asked how much I must have. I said not less than \$150 would see me through. He said he could not let me have that much cash, but would return the \$35 I had deposited the previous day and would honor checks to dealers up to \$115, making a total of \$150, provided the checks were presented for payment not later than 4 p.m. of that day. I made a be^e line for the real estate office, paid a month's rent in advance, and then to dealers for furniture and supplies, giving checks in payment and telling the payees to present them at the bank immediately. Later I heard of one depositor who was so desperate that he brought a pistol with him and forced the cashier to honor his check for the full amount of his balance. That evening there was a called meeting of bank officials, directors, and depositors. Mr. Green B. Raum, Commissioner of Pensions, was spokesman for the board of directors and explained that the bank was solvent but owing to hard times, losses on investments, foreclosures, and a run on the bank, their available funds were exhausted, but the bank would try to realize on its assets and hoped to pay all depositors in full. As a matter of fact a dividend of ten per cent was declared about two years later and that was all the depositors ever got.

While I had read of bank failures, it was always in some other city, very remote, and did not seem to concern me, and I had come to think ^{that} ~~of~~ a bank, any bank, was as safe as the U.S.

Treasury. As a result of that experience I have since rented a safety deposit box in which I usually keep enough cash to pay current expenses for at least one month, and the remainder of my surplus, small as it has always been, I divide between two banks.

Assignment to the Joint Commission of Congress
to Investigate Business Methods in the
Executive Departments of the Government.

Shortly after my reporting experience at the coroner's inquest following the Ford's Theater Disaster Col. Ainsworth sent for me and said that a joint commission of Congress composed of three Senators and three Members of the House of Representatives had been appointed to investigate business methods in the government departments; that Senator Cockrell and Representative Alexander M. Dockery, both of Missouri, were chairmen of the Senate and House committees, respectively; that the Commission had decided to employ experts to do the actual work of investigating; that he had been asked to detail a stenographer to assist the experts, and that he had decided to detail me. I expressed my appreciation of the opportunity to learn something about the government of the United States and asked when and where I should report for duty with the commission. He said that the experts had temporary quarters in the Treasury Department next to the office of Assistant Secretary Hamlin and I should inquire there.

I found the office of the experts in the Treasury Building in charge of a tall, freckled faced young man named Morgan who said that he had been detailed to the commission from the Supervising Architect's Office, that at present there was nothing

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to do, and that he would send for me when my services were needed. He said, in answer to my questions, that both the members of the commission and the experts were out of town. I was disappointed, but there seemed to be nothing I could do but return to the War Department and wait. Some weeks later Mr. Morgan sent for me and asked if I could substitute for him for about two months while he was away in Europe. I agreed and the following week entered on duty with the experts.

The chief expert employed by the Commission was Mr. E. C. Reinhart, president of the Atcheson & Topeka Railway, who was said to receive a salary of \$50,000 a year, which at that time was fabulous. He was a young man, apparently in his early 30's, tall, slender, athletic, with smooth clearcut face, arrogant and dictatorial in manner, incisive and decisive in speech. He rarely came to Washington and it was several months before I met him. The second expert was Mr. Charles Waldo Haskins, a nephew of Ralph Waldo Emerson and son-in-law of Havemeyer, the sugar king. He was secretary of the Manhattan Trust Company, receiver of a railroad in Georgia, and socially prominent in New York. He was in the prime of life, a giant in stature, with beetling brows and bristling mustache and eyebrows. He was a man of wealth, had traveled, and spoke with a Boston accent. He always pronounced the word "law" as if it were spelled "lohrr." The third expert was Mr. E. W. Sells, a former auditor of the Oregon & Washington Railway and Navigation Company. He was a well formed man of medium height, regular features, smooth face, twinkling eyes, ~~er~~ iron gray hair, and a smiling, courteous, friendly, winning manner.

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The second expert was Mr. Charles Walter Harrison, a nephew of Ralph Waldo Emerson and son-in-law of Hawthorne, the sugar king. He was secretary of the Washington Trust Company, resident of a railroad in Georgia, and socially prominent in New York. He was in the prime of life, a giant in stature, with bushy brown and brilliant mustache and eyebrows. He was a man of wealth, had traveled, and spoke with a Boston accent. He had been pronounced the word "law" as it was spelled "light."

The third expert was Mr. J. W. Wells, a former auditor of the Oregon & Washington Railway and Navigation Company. He was a well formed man of medium height, thin, clean shaven, with blue eyes, a few grey hairs, and a smiling manner.

Shortly after I joined the investigating experts their office was moved from the Treasury Department to a large room on the second floor of the brick building at the southwest corner of LaFayette Square and directly opposite the War Department. I superintended the moving and the arrangement of the furniture in the new quarters. At first I simply took dictation, kept the files in order, and went on errands for my employers. As I became accustomed to their ways and they became better acquainted with me I was entrusted more and more with confidential work so that I soon became their right hand man. I had expected to return to the War Department when Mr. Morgan got back from his trip to Europe, but when he reported for duty in November he was informed by Mr. Haskins that his services were not needed just then. That was the last time I saw him.

In September I was promoted to \$1200 per annum.

Then followed more than a year of great activity and interesting experiences for me. Messrs. Haskins & Sells investigated the laws, organization, history, functions, and business methods of the Treasury Department, the duplication of surveying and map making by different branches of the government, the system of collecting customs and other revenue and of auditing governments' accounts, the methods of the New York custom-house, and other methods ^{and} ~~and~~ practices of the government. This brought them, and incidentally me as their assistant, in contact with several cabinet officers, especially the Secretary of the Treasury, John J. Carlisle, the Secretary of War, Daniel S. Lamont; the Secretary of the Interior, Ex-Gov. Hoke Smith; the Attorney General, Richard Olney^M; many chiefs of bureaux^S, the members of the Joint Commission of Congress, many other Senators

and Representatives, and a host of newspaper men. All these men occupied the stage and were important and prominent at that time, but quickly passed out of the public eye and were soon forgotten after the next change in administration.

The experts obtained most of their information from a study of the laws and departmental regulations, the annual appropriation acts, interviews with officials and employes, statements prepared at their request, and personal examination of records. Usually a statement of facts was prepared, defects pointed out, and remedies suggested, which were discussed with the officials concerned and with the members of the Commission, and after agreement was reached a bill was prepared designed to make the proposed remedies and organization effective. The Commission had instructed the experts not to waste time in preparing lengthy reports that no one would read, but to present their recommendations in the form of a bill that could be enacted into law.

My preconceived ideas of official propriety and dignity were shocked at the conduct of the chairman of the commission, Mr. Dockery, at the first formal meeting of the Commission. He was a large rough looking man from Missouri with a heavy face and mustache. When the Commission met he sat at the head of the table about which the other members and the experts were gathered, leaned back in a revolving chair, put his large feet on the table, kept his hat on, smoked a very large and villainous cigar out of the corner of his mouth, from time to time spat on the floor, and spoke in a very unpleasant and dictatorial manner to his colleagues and especially to the experts. And yet this man was later elected Governor of Missouri and in the Wilson administration was appointed Third Assistant Postmaster General.

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By progressively ideas of official propriety and dignity were shocked at the conduct of the officials of the Commission. In the first formal meeting of the Commission, Mr. Doherty, who was a large rough looking man from Minnesota with a heavy face and manner. When the Commission met he sat at the head of the table, and with the other members and the experts were gathered, looked back in a revolting chair, but his large feet on the table, kept his hat on, shook a very large and villainous cigar out of the corner of his mouth, from time to time spat on the floor, and spoke in a very unpleasant and disrespectful manner to his colleagues and especially to the experts. And yet this man was later elected Governor of Minnesota and the United States Administration was appointed Third Assistant Postmaster General.

His manners, I thought and still think, were those of a boorish peasant and fortunately are not common in any country or people of any race or color.

Reorganization of Accounting System of the Treasury

7 Many amazing things came to our attention during this period.

In the accounting system of the Treasury Department as it existed at that time were six auditors and two comptrollers, the accounts for expenditures by the different administrative departments coming to different auditors with the right of review by or appeal to one or the other or both comptrollers. As was inevitable under such a system of divided jurisdiction and authority there were many "differences" which, minor in themselves, caused enormous expense and vexatious delay. Many of these "differences" were for small amounts, a few dollars, or even a few cents; many of them had been pending and the subject of costly correspondence extending through many years; and until finally settled former government officials, employes, and their bondsmen, could not have their accounts closed or be relieved of responsibility. I recall that one of these "differences" involved only ten cents and had been pending several years, so that the time and correspondence involved in keeping it alive must have amounted to several hundred dollars at least. Delay in handling government accounts and other public business cannot be entirely overcome, but this particular difficulty was partially remedied by a law abolishing the office of Second Comptroller and providing for an administrative examination of accounts in the departments ~~in which~~ by which the expenditures were authorized, with a review by an auditor in the Treasury Department, and right of appeal to the Comptroller, whose decision was made "final and conclusive upon the executive departments of

the government." ⁷⁴ The Commission also looked into the matter of government publications, at least those ~~of~~ originating with the Treasury Department. Among other curious things brought to light was a publication, a book of some size, that cost about \$25,000 annually to print, where the records showed that only one copy of the annual edition ^a ~~was~~ disposed of, and that went to an old address in Philadelphia. Of course, this, and other publications for which there seemed to be little demand or use, were discontinued. It was found that many clerks in the Treasury Department were working year after year in keeping certain records the purpose of which neither they nor any one else seemed to know. These records were also discontinued. As the result of the reorganization and changes brought about by the Commission nearly 300 employees were legislated out of ~~existence~~ office.

An interesting feature of the way in which politicians do business came to my notice in connection with the dismissal of employees in the Treasury Department as the result of reorganization. Apparently the question of relative efficiency and merit of employees was not considered. This being a Democratic Administration and the chairman of the Commission being a Democrat, he had lists of employees in the branches of the Treasury Department that were affected made up with a notation opposite each name indicating whether the employee was believed to be a Democrat or a Republican. By a singular coincidence only Republicans were dismissed in effecting this economy in the public service. ~~The~~

The reorganization of the accounting system of the Treasury Department has endured for more than a third of a century, but it is doubtful whether the saving effected in number of

employees or salaries lasted for more than a few years.

Bribery and Corruption.

I had read in the newspapers charges and countercharges regarding bribery and corruption in the government, but always had discounted such statements in the belief that they were incredible and without foundation in fact. However, I had my eyes opened as to what might happen, and probably what had happened in the past, by an incident that came under my observation. The so-called Dingley Tariff was under consideration. Washington was full of lobbyists and some of them came to our office to discuss with Mr. Haskins ways and means of reaching certain people. One of them was a notorious meat packer of Chicago who also dealt in spirits, of which he was said to have about ten million gallons in bond. A difference of five or ten cents a gallon in the tariff on whiskey, therefore, meant a considerable sum to this person. He came on from Chicago with the avowed purpose of influencing legislation, but did not want his presence in Washington known, so he spent his nights in a Baltimore hotel and his days in an expensive suite of rooms in the old Arlington Hotel at the corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue across from LaFayette Square, without registering. By telephone or messenger he sent for Senators, Representatives, newspaper men, and such others as might be useful. He sent for Mr. Haskins several times. He transacted most of his business orally or by telegraph under an assumed name. He was afraid to use the public stenographers in the hotel and occasionally at his request Mr. Haskins sent me over to his rooms to write his telegrams. Once while I was there the telephone rang. The packer, who was a beefy looking middle

aged man of the saloon keeper type, stepped to the phone to answer it. I could not avoid seeing him perform and hearing what he said. He listened intently at first and I could see the veins of his neck swell and his face get red and he began to jerk all over, dance up and down in a rage, and sputter "What, you ^a~~say~~ that Senator....has just made a speech advocating a lower rate on imported whiskey and other spirits---then some swear words--how dare he make such a speech. Why, why--here followed a string of oaths and vituperation--that man has been in my pay for years, I bought him, I have made him, he belongs to me, he is my slave, I own him body and soul, he belongs to me; only last week I paid him \$10,000; and now he has the gall to betray my interests; get hold of him and send him down here to see me at once, and tell him if there is a minute's delay I will expose him and put him out of the Senate--and worse." Mr. Packer was thoroughly angry. Turning about he glared at me and said "Young man, you don't repeat what you hear, do you?" I shook my head and answered in a low voice "I wouldn't be here if I did," which seemed to satisfy him. Then he dictated a long telegram to some one in Chicago in which he mentioned the treachery of a number of public men whom he thought he had bought, the vile hotel accommodations of Baltimore and Washington, the fact that he was not in Washington for his health, that he hated Washington and Congress for venturing to interfere with his legitimate business, and that he would prefer to make a substantial contribution to any philanthropic institution ^{rather} than to spend another week in "this hell." A few days later he wrote a check for \$500 in favor of a newspaper man, placed it in an envelope without accompanying letter or address, sealed it, and asked me to person-

ally hand it to the newspaper correspondent, which I did. The gentleman of the press opened the envelope, gave one look at the check, kissed it and put it into his pocket with a smile of satisfaction.

Since this experience newspaper charges of bribery and corruption of public men and the venal press have carried more weight ^{with me} than before. However, after nearly forty years in the public service at Washington and with rather wide contacts and opportunities for observation, I wish to go on record as saying that in all that long period I never had reason to suspect that any official or employe of the administrative departments of the Federal Government was accepting or had accepted money or its equivalent to influence his official action. In my own case, I entered the service upon a competitive examination, received appointments and promotions without application, solicitation, or the intervention of any human being except my official superiors, and in all that time no one in the public service ever asked whether I was a Republican or a Democrat, from the North or from the South, or ~~was~~ a member of any church, order, or association. Nor have I seen in the Department of Agriculture any evidence of graft, or fraud upon the government, or syne-cure positions. I have made similar statements from time to time in talking with business men, especially in other cities, but have noted the look of polite incredulity on their faces. I have attributed this to the probable prevalence of graft in many state and municipal governments, instances of which are glaringly apparent to even a casual observer.

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Emancipation Day in Washington.

Some^ttime in April, 1894, I saw for the first time a Washington celebration of Emancipation Day. A parade with several brass bands passed along Pennsylvania Avenue which could be seen from our office windows. There was nothing remarkable about the parade or the bands, but the horde of negroes accompanying and following the parade was a rare sight. Thousands of negroes, mostly women, and thousands of children, filled the broad avenue from curb to curb. Most of them were dressed in rags, unwashed and unkempt, dancing, leaping, rushing hither and yon, laughing, talking, shouting, and having a hilarious time generally. It was an exhibition of a large part of Washington's population that lived in alleys and slums.

Investigation of the New York Custom House.

In June of that year Messrs. Haskins and Sells decided to investigate methods of business in the New York Custom House during the vacation of Congress and I was instructed to go with them. This was my first official trip at government expense. Mr. Haskins, of course, went to his residence in New York. Mr. Sells and I went to the Park Avenue Hotel. An office in the custom house was assigned to us and after a preliminary examination that required only a few days both Mr. Haskins and Mr. Sells left the city and were gone for several weeks. I was left to continue the investigation. After working diligently full time and regularly for a week or more it occurred to me that I had had no vacation and was entitled to take sufficient leave to see the city. So thereafter for several weeks I reported every

morning at the office, attended^d to the correspondence, collected information in various branches of the custom house, copied and filed papers, so that everything was kept in good order; and in the afternoons explored the city.

One afternoon I spent at Coney Island; another at Far Rockaway Beach; another in Brooklyn; then in succession I visited Central Park and the museums and art gallery, Riverside Drive and Grant's Tomb, the water front and shipping, the Navy Yard, where I saw the ill-fated Maine in dry dock, Staten Island, the Statue of Liberty where I climbed up the narrow winding spiral stairway to the torch, the Bowery, the Brooklyn Bridge, and so on until I became fairly familiar with the sights and sounds of New York. My explorations included in addition to the Brooklyn Bridge and the Bowery, Madison Square Garden, the Battery, Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and many other places.

In and around the financial district there were some large substantial office buildings, but the day of the skyscraper had not begun. I rode on the elevated and in the surface cars. In many places the streets were being excavated for the underground railway, many of the excavations being blasted out of solid rock.

Among the things that fully came up to my preconceptions, in addition to the Capitol building at Washington, were the Brooklyn Bridge and the great ocean liners. I walked across the bridge many times, but it always seemed more impressive to me when seen from the deck of a ferry boat. The great ocean liners were, and still are, among the most impressive works of man, huge in size, stately and majestic in motion and in power, and appealing to the imagination as great, animated creatures, throbbing with life and power, capable of breathing the great

nothing at the office, attended to the correspondence, collected information in various branches of the various cases, typed and filed papers, and that everything was kept in good order; and in the afternoon explored the city.

The afternoon I spent at County Jail; another at the Bowery House; another in Brooklyn; then in Manhattan I visited Central Park and the Museum and art gallery, the City Drive and Grand's Tomb, the Water Front and Shipping, the City Yard, where I saw the 11-12th Avenue in the taxi, the 12th Avenue, the Statue of Liberty where I climbed up the tower with the spiral staircase to the top, the Battery, the Brooklyn Bridge, and at last I became really familiar with the city and the sounds of New York. My excursions included in addition to the Brooklyn Bridge and the Battery, Madison Square Garden, the City, Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and many other places.

In the morning the financial district; there were some large industrial office buildings, but the day of the skyscrapers had not begun. I rode on the elevated and to the Grand Central, many places the streets were being excavated for the new tunnel, many of the excavations being filled out of solid rock. Among the things that really came up to my attention were the

in addition to the Central building at Manhattan, were the Brooklyn Bridge and the great stone bridge. I walked across the bridge many times, but it always seemed more impressive to me when seen from the back of a ferry boat. The great stone lions were, and still are, among the most impressive works of art, huge in size, strongly and majestically in action and in power, and appearing to be looking on as great, ancient statues, prophetic with their eyes fixed on the future of the city.

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waves and storms of the mighty ocean, visiting foreign ^{shores} harbors, — floating palaces with all the luxurious comforts of a modern hotel, transporting trainloads of people and of merchandize. ~~I~~

I never tired of watching the craft of the river, the ferry boats, the bustling tugs, pleasure launches, barges, schooners, cat boats, and fishing fleets.

I was much interested also in watching the immigrants land from Ellis Island and I sometimes wondered how these uncouth, strange looking specimens of mankind could ever become American citizens, and I would speculate as to which of the little boys with their eager faces would achieve fame in letters, public life, or acquire great wealth, and which might land in the penitentiary.

I saw the ocean for the first time at Coney Island and Rockaway Beach, but did not venture in bathing. Instead, I sat on the beach, watching the incoming succession of waves curl up in translucent green walls, break into dazzling ²white spray, fall with a crash, and come racing and hissing up to my feet. My thought was that these waves, ~~thexxnxexwxwx~~ or similar waves, had been rolling and breaking for ages and ages before man appeared on the planet and would continue long after life finally disappears. I took off my shoes and stockings and walked barefooted over the wet sands and amused myself picking up shells and pebbles and curious bits of flotsam and jetsam. I was possessed of a great longing to voyage on the sea and my boyhood dream of making a boat and circumnavigating the globe came back to me with renewed force. But how could a young man go avoyaging when he had to make a living?

One afternoon I visited Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in

Brooklyn where I saw a good exhibition of horsemanship, ⁱⁿ Marksmanship, Indians, and Cossacs. Walking from the ferry landing to the tent in which the show ^{was} held I was guilty of a hasty action that I have since regretted ~~many times~~ whenever it comes to mind. Upon landing from the ferry boat I ^{was} beset with ^{by} boys with peanuts and papers to sell. They were as persistent and annoying as flies. One urchin of Jewish blood attached himself to me and insisted that I buy a bag of peanuts. I did not want them and told him so, quietly the first time, firmly the second time, and with a note of exasperation the third time. Still he persisted in getting in front of me and thrusting his bag of peanuts in my face, until I became so exasperated that I struck the bag of peanuts out of his hand and thrust him rudely aside. Probably it was no more than he deserved, but the aggrieved face of the little boy rises up before ^{me} in memory to reproach me whenever I think of Brooklyn or Buffalo Bill's show.

Trip up the Sound.

I celebrated the Fourth of July by taking the excursion steamer up the Sound to New Haven, Connecticut. The voyage was enjoyable and the boat, which I thoroughly explored, was interesting. On disembarking I explored part of the town, but was most interested in the venerable buildings and elms of Yale. Here, I thought, is one of the oldest universities in America and from it have graduated and gone out into the world some of our most distinguished men. However, the town was very quiet, I was a stranger, and time hung heavy on my hands. The rather shabby looking street cars carried signs announcing a baseball game and I decided to see it.

Arrived at the outskirts of the city I found an open field surrounded by a high board fence and containing a grand stand and a lot of crude benches made of rough lumber. My ticket entitled me to a seat on one of the benches. There was no shade and the sun beat down unmercifully. I was among the first to arrive, a half hour or more before the time set for the game to begin. Gradually people began to straggle in. A quarter of an hour after the time when the game should have begun one set of players came on the field and sat down. Twenty minutes later another set of players arrived. Both sets were dressed in different costumes. Then for another half hour there was a lot of rough horseplay between members of the two groups. By this time several hundred people had entered and either took seats in the grand stand or on the benches. During this long wait the sun seemed to get hotter and hotter. I was perspiring, exceedingly uncomfortable, and impatient for the game to begin. But the players continued to engage in uncouth antics and horseplay which to me was of no interest whatever. I had never seen a baseball game and wished to see this one, but I reasoned to myself: Why should I or any other grown person pay an admission fee to a bare dusty field, sit on a hard bench under a broiling July sun, ~~see~~ simply to see a lot of overgrown hoodlums cavort around. Why, certainly not. It's a swindle. With this feeling of irritation and resentment I left the ground an hour after the time set for the game to begin, which as yet showed no signs of beginning, and took the first street car back to the wharf.

That experience made such an unfavorable impression that I have never since attempted to see a baseball game and have little sympathy with the interest many normal people seem

to take in the game, even to the extent of standing on a hard pavement under a hot sun to watch a bulletin board. I doubt if any savage tribe on the face of the earth finds enjoyment in any more foolish form of excitement.

On reaching the wharf I was disappointed to see that the tide was out, exposing about half a mile of repulsive looking mud flats. It was a great relief when the ^{boat} ~~steamer~~ at last steamed out into the open water and a cool breeze sprang up.

Excursion to West Point.

One Saturday afternoon I went on an excursion boat up the Hudson to West Point. It was an enjoyable trip, cool and pleasant, with alternate sunshine and showers. The river was broad, deep and blue, and covered with ripples and waves. There was a succession of low hills and hollows, covered with green grass, fine trees, and houses with beautiful grounds about them. The boat was not overcrowded and every one seemed to be enjoying himself. There were many small craft on the river. At one point where the river was very broad a squall came up and the waves ran high. We passed near a small motor boat with only one man in it who sat at the stern and steered directly against the waves. The little boat was making good speed but was tossed up by each advancing wave and the spray flew entirely over it, drenching the occupant, who was grinning as if he was greatly enjoying the sport. ~~xx~~ The excursion steamer stopped at the pier at West Point and I was one of the passengers who climbed the steps up the cliff to the level of the parade ground. The parade ground was a level tract of lawn grass of considerable extent, with buildings on the farther side, groves of trees about it, and

squads of cadets in white uniforms drilling. The return trip down the river was equally enjoyable and we arrived at the pier in New York longer after dark.

Five Corners.

One morning by mistake I got out of the elevated train at the wrong downtown station and did not realize my mistake until I reached the street level. Suddenly I seemed to have been transported to a foreign city. The buildings all looked unfamiliar. There ~~was~~^{was} a small open area from which radiated more than the usual number of streets. The shop windows and fronts all bore signs in Hebrew or some other outlandish language. There were many poor looking old people in the street. No policeman was in sight and I asked several men on the street how to reach Wall Street or Broadway, and they simply looked at me without answering. I stepped into several shops and asked for directions with no better success. In the street was neither cab nor street car. Nor could I find a policeman to direct me. There was just enough fog to completely obscure the sun so that I could not determine the points of the compass, or I could easily have walked to Broadway. There was nothing to do but ~~xxx~~ return to the platform of the elevated railway and wait for the next train, which I did. Never in all my life have I been so completely lost.

Return of the Experts.

When Messrs. Haskins and Sells returned in July they were both rather grumpy with each other and with me, but expressed themselves as satisfied with my work.

The Roof Garden.

Soon after his return Mr. Sells invited me to accompany him to a roof garden. It was very attractive on top of the building, under the sky and stars, with a cool breeze blowing, good music, well dressed people, and cool drinks. About ten o'clock Mr. Sells took me to a box in a theater in the same building where we saw some clever vaudeville acts. One of them shocked my puritanical traditions and feelings extremely. A beautiful young woman clothed only in transparent pink tights rode a bicycle skillfully and gracefully about the stage. I had never seen a grown woman without conventional clothes. I thought she was the most beautiful creature in the world. I did not know that such beautiful women existed outside of a harem or heaven. But I was shocked and could think only of what a wicked creature she must be to so expose herself in public, and how shocked all the spectators must be, as I was, at the spectacle; and what would my family say, and all my friends in Paris, Texas, think if they knew that Prof. Estabrook had watched a naked woman perform on a stage. Horrified, I was. But the beauty of her set me thinking that if women without clothing were so pleasing to look at it was wrong to conceal their charms in ugly clothing, and that there must be something wrong somewhere in the prohibitions against such displays of beauty. Surely, if God made everything he made beauty, and gave human beings eyes to see, minds to appreciate, and beauty to be seen and appreciated. If so, beauty is just as holy and just as sacred as anything else, and therefore it is a sin to conceal beauty and not a sin but a duty as well as a pleasure to display, to see and to admire beauty. This conviction has grown upon me with the lapse of years, but it

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took several years to entirely overcome the feeling of false shame I experienced on seeing a nude woman in flesh or marble due to the prudishness of youth and puritanical upbringing.

Catholic Church Service.

One Sunday morning I went to the large Catholic church or cathedral on Fifth Avenue. It was the first Catholic church I had ever entered. I stepped into the great structure a little timidly and approached the head of the aisle in the ^{en}center, wondering whether I should take a rear seat or approach nearer the front where I could hear better, and whether an usher would conduct me to a pew that was not rented or occupied. An usher approached me and held out a contribution box. I asked if I was expected to put something in it and he nodded. I dropped a twentyfive cent piece in the box, thinking to myself "This is like a show where you pay for admission." Then he took me well up toward the front and showed me to a seat. I was early and had time to admire the interior and the beautiful gothic ceiling above. Gradually the church filled up. There was a large choir, a great pipe organ, and beautiful music, quite unlike the hymns I was accustomed to hearing in Protestant churches. After the services began there was much standing up and sitting down, counting of beads, and making imaginary crosses with the right hand. At last a priest dressed in a black robe mounted the pulpit which was elevated on a ~~column~~ pedestal and reached by a spiral stairway. He preached in English and his sermon was to the effect that the Catholic church was the only true church of God, that God had given the keys to the gates of heaven ~~to~~ and hell to St. Peter, that only the followers and members of the Roman Catholic Church

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and their children who had been baptized and brought up in the church could hope to have the gates of heaven opened to them, and that all others were heretics and would be cast into hell; and that because the Roman Catholic Church was the only Church of God and because it had dominion over heaven and hell it also, by divine right, had dominion over all kingdoms, principalities, countries and peoples on the earth and in God's own good time the Church would rule the earth politically as well as religiously.

²
These were the statements I heard a quarter of a century ago in the largest Catholic church in New York City, and I was greatly surprised. I had heard the charge repeated that the Catholic church claimed the right to interfere in politics, in local, State, and National government, but had always ascribed such statements to the religious zeal and prejudice of Protestants. I have since asked, diplomatically, several members of the Catholic faith whether this doctrine was held by their church and they have indignantly denied it.

Return to Washington.

Messrs. Haskens, Sells, and I returned to Washington the latter part of July, and resumed our investigational work.

Sailing under False Colors.

Soon after our return there was an annual meeting of the National ~~Association of Physicians~~ Medical Association and among the entertainments on the program was a ~~shix~~ moonlight sail down the Potomac. Mr. Haskins had complimentary tickets and passed them on to me. I took mother who was visiting me at

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the time. The trip down the river and back was enjoyable except that I was much embarrassed by repeatedly being addressed as "Doctor" and asked where I was from and whether I was practicing. I resolved never again to attend any function where I would be subjected to similar embarrassment.

7 Notes.

During the year I bought many books, including the Century Dictionary that was coming out by instalments, and some books in French which I had begun to study and read.

Among the events of the year was seeing Joe Jefferson play in Rip Van Winkle to a crowded house in the National Theater. He was getting old but his age fitted in nicely with the character of Rip. I shall never forget his inimitable manner of proposing the toast "May you live long and prosper." Another celebrity that made a great impression on my mind was Robt² Ingersoll, the famous agnostic. He was a middle aged, rotund ~~man~~ man with a benevolent, round, pink, boyish looking face, blue eyes, bald head, irresistible smile, a musical voice and a marvelous flow of beautiful language. The National Theater was packed to capacity, including all standing room, and the speaker held his audience spellbound for more than two hours. To me it seemed only a few minutes. He was unquestionably the most effective public speaker I have ever heard.

My work and life in Washington ~~xx~~ continued to interest me and every moment of my time was occupied, but I was disappointed ^{in not having} because ~~I had~~ been unable to take a course of study at a night school, because of the heavy work and uncertain hours with the experts for the Commission; and I had been unable to save anything because of family expenses. Mother had visited

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sister and ^{me} I during the spring and early summer and then returned to father in Texas. Our room renting venture had not succeeded. In order to economize, when my lease of the New York Avenue house expired at the close of September I sold part of the furniture and moved to 2141 New York Avenue, N.W. , which was a small house at the corner of 22d Street, a few squares from the old Naval Observatory, even then almost in ruins. My sister seemed quite content to keep house for me and her child, but the arrangement was not all satisfactory to me. With my small salary and studious habits I did not feel that I should be called upon to provide a home for her, but rather that she should either live with our parents or become self-supporting in some way. Out of consideration for her feelings I had hesitated for several months before I finally broached the subject to her and to my parents, who finally agreed that she should return to them and try to find employment. She and little Eunice left on December 26 and I ~~paid~~ paid the expense of the journey.

